

With the First-Nighters

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.

The Lady Who Will Not Talk of Self.

There wasn't a long wait after the card went up. The lady was in, which was surprise number one, for it is seldom that the star is so gracious. The boy in blue and brass showed the way, and knocked courageously when we reached the destination.

She opened the door herself, and holding out a little hand well lighted with emeralds and diamonds, bade me be seated.

"I don't know that I should receive you," she began. "I hardly think I like Salt Lake newspaper men. A great big picture of the next senator on the front page this morning accompanied by a long story, and I get two or three measly little lines between a patent medicine ad and a killing—'taint fair."

"That was a daily paper, I—"

"O, O, what have I said, is your's a weekly? Really I like newspaper men very, very much, especially when they have three or four days to think it over before 'taking pen in hand.'"

I began to ask her some questions, somewhat personal, maphap, but the answers would have been most interesting.

But Edna Wallace Hopper is not strong for the question personal, and though she receives you like an old friend, and seems to be terribly interested in the weather and anything else that may happen to be about, she closes her pretty mouth like a primrose at sundown, when you begin to enquire.

"Tell me," she continued, turning a query for the fourth time, "this new senator doesn't succeed our old friend who went to dinner with us at the Waldorf in a frock coat and a dandy hat, and delighted us with his touching line of talk."

"The same, I think," said I, having a slight suspicion of who she meant.

"O, I'm so sorry," she replied; "he was one of the most entertaining men I ever heard talk, and I never heard anybody recite so well. One thing in particular I remember which ran something like

"Ireland was Ireland

When England was a pup."

And in the passion of remembrance of the sweet sentiment, her eyes danced, her pretty

teeth gleamed, and that dimple in the right cheek challenged all comers.

The vivacity of this entertaining little woman with her spontaneous wit chased the thought of all questioning quite out of mind, and I was content to listen and enjoy her charming personality.

She was all in black with three or four dozen diamonds about her neck, the only ornament, except for a tiny band of gold on her wrist, set here and there with green stones of some sort, and a wonderful ring of Jade beside the emeralds on her hands.

"You partial to that shade," I ventured, glancing at the white hands with their enviable decorations.

"I'm fond of everything green," she replied, looking intently at me.

Perhaps the remark was not personal, but it was suspiciously near.

"What are your plans for next—"

"I never make plans—where do they get American Beauties in this chilly climate?" she asked as she caressed one of a seeming hundred that nodded from the table. "They're great company, good to look upon, never ask questions, and they die young."

Was I being sat upon? But her smile reassured me, and also her statement that she was fussy only when folks got inquisitive.

I arose to go, and as if to avoid another question which might have been put for she had told me nothing, she asked, "Is it always so frosty in your city?"

"Only when Captain January is here," I answered, and shaking the hand that wore the Jade emerged from the cosy corner of the Country Mouse.

As the door closed a ripple of a laugh came over the transom, and perhaps the roses smiled a little, too.

T. G.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A gale which came unannounced by the Weather Bureau blew in under the name of Florence on Monday evening, and the Shakespearean scholar who blew in his hard-earned must have been gratified to note the changes interpolated by this coquettish typhoon with tawny locks and vaudevillian poses.

There is nothing like this modernizing of the

work of the poor Bard Of Avon. Could anything be more beautiful than to have Rosalind look up at Orlando, and murmur her way to his heart by tenderly saying: "You can't get too much of a good thing."

It is so expressive, and for strength and assurance the veriest improvement over "Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee an hour."

And a clever idea was the introduction of the woodland quartette, suddenly constructed by a change of tights and a switching of whiskers into the real old fashion bunch that may have sung "Back to Mantecsee." Appropriately, this group of young men who appeared to be on the track team of the Forest of Arden Institute sang "Back to the Woods," but would not take unto themselves the sentiment expressed.

But there were some things that weren't ridiculous. The Forest of Arden was rather effective at times, and some of the troupe did try, notably a Mark Price, who played Jacques.

The variety of zephyrs was as good as a Nebraska prairie ever furnished, from the violence of the name of the star to the rendering of "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," impotently sung by E. Pooley, who is said to be a very rising young man in the profession. The name of the profession is not mentioned.

The advance noticed had mention of the "strong company" supporting Miss Gale. The strongest one appeared to be George Sylvester, who really wasn't bad, and who made the court wrestler look like a piece of tired custard pie, in a terrific heart to heart encounter in which he won out with Rosalind, and made such a hit with Cella, her companion, that that lady thought it necessary to take the center of a stage designed for better things, and hold the boards until somebody coaxed her away.

Really, you can have anything of Shakespeare's nowadays as you like it.

"THE COUNTRY MOUSE."

Edna Wallace Hopper hasn't been playing Star very long in the curtain raiser which precedes "The Country Mouse," and Paul Everton should not be allowed to play Captain January another minute. He cannot rise to the occasion, or if he can, he will not, and the thing is too talky for a little woman to carry alone, and interest her audience. The real part of the story is that of Captain January, and in the hands of a man who could bring out all that is in it, the pathos.

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